

**EXHIBIT A**  
**MR. GOULIN'S PERSONAL STATEMENT**

Gary D. Goulin  
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July 5, 2023

Honorable Maame Ewusi-Mensah Frimpong  
United States District Judge  
Central District of California  
United States Courthouse  
350 West First Street,  
Courtroom 8B, 8th Floor  
Los Angeles, CA, 90012

Dear Judge Frimpong:

I stand before you feeling devastated, humiliated, and in shock. When I possessed illegal pornography, I crossed a red line and committed a felony. I take full responsibility for my inexcusable conduct in this case. I am very sorry that I committed these crimes. I will accept my punishment with humility and serve my sentence in peace.

I am sick with shame about my actions. I broke important laws that were written to protect innocent children. I am grateful that these laws are strong and uncompromising. I am glad these laws are vigorously enforced. I hope my story serves as a warning to anyone who seeks out illegal pornography.

Knowing that justice will be done in my case, I am focused on a process of rigorous self-examination and atonement. I've thought a great deal about what rehabilitation would mean for a person like me. I've thought about how I got here, what went wrong, and how I can use this experience as an opportunity for healing and growth. For that reason, I'm offering this letter, hoping that it will bring you more insight into who I am as a human being.

I hope that this Honorable Court will not misunderstand anything I write as an effort to minimize my culpability. Rather, I offer this personal history in an effort to provide a more complete framework. My actions in this case do not reflect who I am, how I think, or my respect for the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship. I hope this narrative assists you in your deliberations over the appropriate sentence to impose in this case.

**Background**

I was born on February 4, 1961, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, as the oldest of three siblings. My mother worked as a branch manager for US Bank. My father sold insurance then worked as a bookkeeper for a school supply firm. Before going to college, my dad served in the United States Army for four years. We lived in a safe, middle-class suburb where we knew our neighbors. Both sides of my large extended family lived in Minneapolis. Thanks to my parents' hard work, my sisters and I had a peaceful, secure upbringing.

I attended public elementary school where I did exceptionally well in class. In my free time, I played Little League baseball and kickball with my neighbors. I was leading a normal, active life when doctors discovered an atrial septal defect in my heart. At age nine, I became one of the first children to undergo open-heart surgery in Minneapolis using the newly-invented heart-lung machine developed at the University of Minnesota. I remember looking around the operating room with enthusiastic curiosity. The successful surgery prevented long-term risk of cardiac problems.

My parents divorced amicably within a year after my bar mitzvah. My affectionate father moved into an apartment nearby and often came to the house to visit my sisters and myself. At age sixteen, I got my first job at Dayton's Department Store where my aunts worked as a furrier and credit manager. Each day after school, I took the bus downtown to Dayton's to work part-time in accounts payable. I worked full-time in the summers to save up for college.

At St. Louis Park High School, I excelled academically and performed in our production of *My Fair Lady*. My close friends and I enjoyed a low-key, happy social life. I avoided drugs and alcohol and stayed out of trouble. I felt drawn to the sciences, taking every math and science AP class offered. I was number one in my class of 691 students as I applied to colleges.

Your Honor, my parents served as fine examples of hard work, moral conduct, and honorable citizenship. I remain grateful for the good direction I received from my teachers, mentors, and loving family members. The adults in my life taught me to respect authority, value my education, treat others with respect, and follow the law. I have absolutely no excuse for my reprehensible behavior in this case. My criminal acts are a complete departure from everything I was taught as a young person.

### **Higher Education**

I moved into my dormitory at Johns Hopkins University in the Fall of 1979. I knew I wanted to become a doctor so I began my pre-med requirements. For my work-study job, I answered phones in a chemistry professor's office. In my free time, I made friends easily and stage managed *Anything Goes* for the JHU Barnstormers, the oldest student-run theater group on campus. During summers, I went home and worked at Dayton's.

After graduating with a Bachelor of Arts in Behavioral Biology, I relocated to Rochester, Minnesota, to attend the Mayo Medical School. I enjoyed my clinical training and formed life-long friendships with fellow students. I worked weekends in the electrocardiogram computer room and summers in a medical laboratory in Minneapolis. I also volunteered with the March of Dimes and once hosted a telethon on local television.

I had entered medical school planning to become a surgeon until I started my first pediatrics rotation under Dr. Robert Feldt. Like an exuberant grandfather, Dr. Feldt inspired me with his dedication to treating young patients. He seemed genuinely happy and his patients and their families adored him. I decided to become a pediatrician as a result of working with Dr. Feldt.

After graduating from medical school in 1987, I relocated to Los Angeles for my general pediatric internship and residency at Children's Hospital Los Angeles. I fell in love with Los Angeles and I thrived in my intense pediatrics program. During my first year, we managed a serious measles epidemic that killed several children in the Pacific Islander community. I discovered I handled high-intensity, high stakes situations very well. After completing my first ICU rotations, I knew I had found my passion and therefore decided to pursue subspecialty training in Pediatric Critical Care Medicine after completing my general pediatric residency.

In 1990, I proceeded to Children's Hospital and Health Center of San Diego to begin my pediatric critical care training. I remember flying on helicopters to transport patients from places like Yuma and Calexico. I trained with exceptionally talented medical clinicians and learned important lessons about interacting with worried parents. I also learned legal protocols for dealing with cases of child abuse.

Your Honor, I know almost more than anyone the serious harm done to children who are trafficked and exploited. I have treated their physical trauma and witnessed the severe psychological harm. Knowing what I know as a doctor, I am devastated and mortified by my criminal acts in this case. I am deeply ashamed of the pornography addiction I developed five years ago. While serving my sentence, I will continue to reflect on how it happened so suddenly and so late in life.

### **Medical Career and Family**

In 1993, after completing my pediatric critical care training, I moved to Florida to work as a Staff Pediatric Intensivist at Broward General Medical Center. I lived in Fort Lauderdale and began a romantic relationship for the first time. I had spent my youth in the closet before devoting every waking hour to my medical training. I had completely compartmentalized my feelings and detached from my sexual identity. With extra free time and courage, I began to gradually transition to life as an openly gay man, although I remained closeted at work in fear of losing professional opportunities.



After nine months, I moved back to California to work at Valley Presbyterian Hospital before commuting to Sunrise Children's Hospital in Las Vegas. Around that time, I met my husband, Sandy, who worked at a talent agency for writers and directors. We fell in love and have been together ever since. Both of our families welcomed and embraced us from the beginning. I can still hear the matriarch of my family, just before she died, declaring: "Sandy is a part of this family. Make sure we treat him with love."

In December of 1996, I became a Staff Pediatric Intensivist at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. I also obtained an academic appointment as an Assistant (and later Associate) Professor of Pediatrics at the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA. Residents rotated through our 12-bed ICU for critical care training, plus I gave monthly lectures to nurses and medical students. Cedars-Sinai later promoted me to Associate Director of Pediatric Critical Care. Typically, I worked 80 hours per week including night shifts.

Starting in 1999, I joined a medical mission to Ecuador to provide heart surgeries to indigent patients. Surgeons performed three operations per day for one week while I managed the ICU and pediatric ICU nurses. Sponsored by Healing the Children/Mending Kids International, we traveled to Quito and Guayaquil annually for ten years. In addition, I joined the Gay and Lesbian Medical Association and attended semi-annual conferences of the Society of Critical Care Medicine. By this time, I came out as a gay physician.

Sandy and I lived within walking-distance of the hospital. We stayed active—running, weight-training, biking along the beach. I ran a 10K race to honor Gay Pride. Sandy and I saw the world together from Europe to Antarctica. Sandy opened his own talent agency and, like me, enjoyed great professional fulfillment. Sandy and I got married at the Beverly Hills Courthouse on June 16, 2017.

Over the years, I served on forty hospital committees and belonged to eight professional organizations. I published five peer-reviewed research papers and taught a wide range of students in multiple institutions. Amongst my thousands of patients, I had many occasions to celebrate miraculous recoveries. I remember an Ecuadorian boy, blue and frail, for whom surgeons repaired a congenital heart defect. The following year, we hardly recognized him bounding in, pink and plump and joyful. I also endured heart-wrenching scenes of parents weeping after their child passed away. I attended several of my patients' funerals and mourned along with family members.

Once, I treated a sixteen-year-old girl with terminal cancer. When her time approached, she asked if she could die at home. As fragile as she was, it took a group effort to grant her dying wish. We arranged for an ambulance to transport her back home where a team of hospice nurses awaited. I rode along in the ambulance with the patient and her mother. We gently placed the patient in her own bed, in her own room. She died two hours later.

I dedicated my life to caring for the sickest, most vulnerable patients in the hospital. My team and I worked very well together and saved countless lives. My criminal conduct hurt my medical colleagues, Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, and destroyed the reputation I spent a lifetime building. Your Honor, I knew it was wrong to collect illegal pornography. I totally lost my way and created an utter disaster. I am committed to a long process of atonement, therapy, and healing in the years ahead.

### **Personal Upheaval and Offense Conduct**

During the mid-2010's, we saw our pediatric ICU census drop, especially after the hospital's pediatric cardiologist relocated. Upper management looked for ways to cut costs and even considered shutting down our unit. They eliminated the residency program and asked my already-overworked critical care team to accept a pay cut.

By 2018, my personal work situation had become insecure and contentious. I saw a therapist to address my depression, panic attacks, and insomnia. I felt disoriented, overwhelmed, and terrified about the future. Unfortunately, I turned to pornography as a mental escape. At first, I looked at legal pornography sporadically. Gradually, I spent more time viewing pornography and collecting this content on DVD. I developed a solitary routine of burning and hoarding these DVD's. Then, as my bad habit evolved into an addiction, I began seeking more shocking content.

I continued to function well at work, but under increasingly-stressful circumstances. Through the Department of Homeland Security, I trained to be a Pediatric subject matter expert at the National Ebola Training and Education Center. I joined the Special Pathogens Team and created the pediatric COVID policies and procedures at Cedars-Sinai. Simultaneously, Sandy and I struggled through a financial crisis related to real estate, finance, and interpersonal conflict.

Throughout this period, I frequently retreated into isolation and severe pornography addiction. My viewing and hoarding behavior felt entirely separate and apart from the rest of my life. I had completely compartmentalized and dissociated from it. I thought and acted as if this behavior occurred in an alternative universe. Then, on November 4, 2021, I was arrested for my crimes.

Viewing and collecting illegal pornography is sick and wrong. The activity that surrounds its production is evil. There is no other word for it. I am completely responsible for my own actions. I should have asked for help the first time I ever saw illegal pornography. Unthinkable damage is done to children in order to produce those images. I hope my punishment provides some measure of justice to everyone harmed by illegal pornography.

### **Reflections**



Your Honor, the proliferation of internet pornography is a plague. It profoundly harms everyone involved. Pornography trains the eye to look at the human body in the wrong way. Every human life is sacred. Every human body should be looked upon with respect. By downloading these illegal images, I participated in a monstrous economy. Producers, distributors, and viewers of these videos create countless victims.

Seventeen U.S. states have passed resolutions declaring porn a public health crisis. A study published this year in *Frontiers of Psychology* outlined how pornography distorts a user's perception of reality and affects long-term mental health. Pornography was certainly too dangerous for me to view. My life would be immeasurably better had I never seen it.

Working with a therapist, I examined my life, my addictions to prescription medications and mental health history. I shared about one sister's nervous breakdown and psychiatric hospitalization, the other sister's gambling addiction, and my mother's severe Obsessive-compulsive disorder. I have also reflected on the cumulative dissociative effects of seeing so much traumatic injury, disease, and death. I will need long-term professional help to understand the exact nature of my mental deterioration and self-destructive actions. In January, I completed all the elements for graduation from the Sexually Offending Behavior Recovery program (SOBR). The program's director determined that I met the "very low-risk" criteria for recidivism.

Working with my sponsor from Sexual Compulsives Anonymous (SCA), I made an account of the harm I'd done to others and learned specific techniques for achieving long-term abstinence from pornography. The Twelfth Step encourages people like me to share our experience, strength, and hope with newcomers. So, I volunteered for multiple SCA service positions to help carry our message of recovery and reconciliation.

I know there will be individuals who I can help make better choices than I did in this case. I look forward to telling my story as a warning about the dangers of pornography. Through service, I can make a living amends to all the victims of child pornography production. I will use my prison time to atone for my criminal acts and seek opportunities for productive activity. I will keep working my program of recovery as a way to reckon with the past. I never have to return to the hell of my darkest days. That painful chapter of my story is over.

The future is in my hands. I have a duty to my husband and our family to seek peace and purpose in prison. I will never stop working to overcome my addiction to pornography and prescription medications. When I am released, I will look for ways to use my abilities to make positive contributions to my community. I hope I will be able to use my communication skills, education, and strong work ethic to continue serving my community.

Your Honor, I understand my conduct was criminal. It is deeply offensive to possess illegal pornography. I will not repeat the mistakes of my past. I will never return to another

courtroom as a criminal defendant. I understand that the consequences for victims will far outweigh whatever time I may serve in prison.

As you consider the right punishment in this case, please have mercy on me.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Gary D. Goulin". The signature is fluid and connected, with a large initial "G" and a distinct "D" and "Goulin" following.

Gary D. Goulin